

Barth (John) Ballad-writer



The Plagues of Northumberland.

To the tune of Appelles.

When that the Moone, in Northumberland,
After the chape, in age well conne,
Did rise with force, then to with stande,
The lycht and bright beames of the Sonne
The sorowfull dolers soone began,
Through Percies pryde to many a man.

But then a none the Westmere Bull,
Behelde the rylinge of this Moone,
Thinking that hee had byn at full,
He halld then a none full soone,
With horse, and Armes, and all his myght,
From perfect dape, to vncertaine lycht.

When they in one, consent were pyght,
With them was many an ignorant man,
The Rounthe Lawes, they wold redpyght
Through counsell of some blind Spy John,
Who neuer knewe godes berpse,
But to Rebellion then dyd a gree.

For if they wold of gods word knoten,
Longe xxx. yerres they haue had tyme,
Rebellion then had not byn sownen,
To bypse ther countre in such cryme,
Their popson now, all men may see,
That vnder Suger longe did lie.

What myschysse mould the Percies hart,
This enterpyse to take in hand,
This for to playe a Rebelles parte,
In raising by Northumberland,
But looke what seede, by hym is sownen,
With harp sythes downe it was soone mowen.

That countre is, in full soze plyght,
That doth a gaynst their wyne contend,
Seeking their owne dreames to redpyght,
The popes precepts for to defend,
Like bytthe pruerst ignorant men,
That seekes before a lawe to ren.

This venym longe a breeding was
Which in the Percies byrte did growe,
The Bull in bellinge did not cease,
Till that the popson oute did flowe
So farr a bynde the streames did runne,
That backe a gayne cold not retourne.

This hateful popson longe was hyde,
Under the cloake of mytche,
The outward Treason was not spyde,
But couerid with all courtesie,
Their close vnlawfull conspiracion,
Hath brought them to great dysolacion.

The hope vnure was transpore,
The which was in that cloudy Moone,
Her false eclipes with all the gloze,
Her hope vnstable was ended soone
Her sudden chape now tells vs all,
That Suger sweet was blent with Gall.

What state now maye hym selfe assure,
Longe here to lyue in quetnes,
What worldly tope maye here in dure,
In those where is no stablesnes,
Wher Lordes, and perles, in weith doth stowe
From their hye state must fall downe lowe.

Now by their fall learne to be wyse,
Both hye and lowe in eche degree,
Let no false lycht deceaue your eyes,
As it hath done of late you see.
The false beames of the gyltynge Moone,
Now many a man it hath vndoone.

For in the north we did wyne longe,
But now ecliped is her lycht,
The Westmere Bull that held so stronge,
Hee is depyred of his myght,
For many tonges of them will tell,
How these to perles false did Rebell.

And many a man moze as I heare,
That with these Rebelles dyd take part,
Which can not thinke them selues now cleare
That in byrt beares a double hart,
But as you haue be gonne to byrte,
So are you found Rebelles vntrue.

The countre cleane you haue vndone,
The Lord graunt ther some better stape,
Or els will many a mothers sonne,
For this curse you a nother dape,
You leaue your wyues and chyldrene deare,
Lamentinge in most wofull cheare.

Now let vs praye as we are bound,
All for our Queenes hyghe mayeste,
That shee her enemies may confound,
And all that to Rebelles agre,
And plant true men by in their place,
The Lord from heauen now grue her grace.

finis. P. John Barker.

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